

## A New Election SONG.

(Tune, *Wilkes's Preservation.*)

## I.

COME hither every loyal soul, in country and in city.  
Ye patriotic British boys, attend unto my ditty;  
With liberty inspir'd I write, and sing in freedom's favour,  
O may each honest freeman say, 'tis noble Phipps for ever.

## CHORUS.

Huzza for Phipps and Delaval, true patriots of the nation,  
Each loyal soul within the town. will drink their preservation.

## II.

Consider now my worthy friends, how you've been represented,  
Petition and remonstrances, by whom they were prevented;  
Was it your members, no indeed, they ne'er that good intended,  
And shall we them our voices give, for having thus offended.

## III.

No more let Bl—k—t beg your votes, that great and rich offender  
Nor young Sir M—h—w gain his end, he's but a mere pretender:  
For how can he that place fulfil, who has such bad directors,  
It never shall be said my boys, we'd trust to such protectors.

## IV.

Why should we honour with our votes, the man that has  
oppress'd us,  
Has strove our birthright to destroy, and every way distress us;  
Should he elected be again, the nation well might wonder,  
That we the sons of liberty, should make so great a blunder.

## V.

Let Phipps and Delaval advance, we will at once receive them,  
Newcastle yet will boldly stand in fighting for her freedom!  
Britannia may in rapture call, we never will deceive her,  
The air shall echo back the sound of liberty for ever.